

Good Morning 754

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Real "Home News" for Sto. Albert Wardell

WE called at 118, Hamstead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, to get some home news for you, Leading Stoker Albert Wardell, and the first thing we learned was that your wife had that day changed over to day duty at the munitions factory where she has been doing "nights" for the past 24 years.

She said the change made her feel tired, but she looked fresh and cheerful to us.

Baby Allen is still over at Walsall and is always talking about his dad. Because of a bus strike your wife had a lot of trouble in getting over to see him, but she would get there every week-end even if she had to walk all the way.

Allen has been on holiday in Blackpool and he had a grand time. It was the first time he had seen the sea.

Your mother also planned her holiday at Blackpool with auntie Prue.

Ernest is on the S.S. "Sam Steel," a Dutch boat, and he hopes to see something of you in his travels.

Now here comes the Big News. Out of her factory sav-

ings your wife has bought a new suite of furniture. She paid on the nail for it and then looked round for a wireless set!

Now she just longs to have you back home to settle down again with little Allen. She says she does not care what job you have so long as you are all together.

Weddings in the Air, E.R.A. Bill Brockwell

BETWEEN the gaily-coloured flowers, along the grassy path, we walked, and there it was—Orchard Cottage—one of the most picturesque places in Nutbourne, near Chichester.

For you, E.R.A. Bill Brockwell, it is home, and though your mother told us about many of the adventures you used to have in company with your sister Dora, we are sure we have no need to remind you of any of them.

Dad, now back in Civvy Street, has been finding himself left with quite a lot of the house-work to do, not because your mother has decided to retire, but because she had been very busy preparing for your sister Peggy's wedding.

It was while we were sampling some of your mother's special brew that a "halloo" you would doubtless recognise, floated across the garden. Shortly afterwards we had the pleasure of meeting Peggy and her husband, the two of them having just come back from Aberdeen.

Your sister was very delighted with her husband's home and thinks it quite

probable that she will go there to live herself.

They had brought back some real Scotch shortcake, a portion of which we were privileged enough to sample.

Peggy had also arrived in town with a supply of shortcake and haddock, but had made a present of them to your Grandparents.

Grandad at eighty-two is still going strong, and Grandma was looking forward to her eightieth birthday, which was on the same day as Peggy's wedding.

Incidentally, we were asked to tell you that Grandad nearly got the tea-cosy! Hope you know what that means, Bill!

With all the festive wedding atmosphere at Orchard Cottage,

it is not inconceivable that sister Dot should make up her mind to enjoy some of the publicity too.

Johnny has now followed her to Southampton, but she is still not sure. Maybe she is waiting to get your advice on the subject.

The folk send you all their very best wishes and Dad hopes you will soon be balancing on that ladder in the garden with Mum keeping a steady hand on it.

Sister Peggy summed up all the little messages that the four of them thought of for you, in the following succinct Wren fashion.

Quote. Good hunting Bill ashore and afloat. Unquote.

The Rev. Burglar Watched and Preyed

STUART MARTIN tells the story of Harry Neil, a Lazarus in Crime

IMAGINE a medium-sized, elderly man, white-haired, rather thin face, and anxious, nervous eyes, slightly bowed shoulders, dressed in a long black coat, clerical collar and black wide-awake hat.

A dear, kindly soul, soft-voiced and very plausible, he would stroll, or rather tread, round the West End, nodding now and then to civilian men who glanced at him.

The clergyman was Harry Neil, burglar by profession. His parson's clothes were his disguise. The civilian men to whom he occasionally nodded were detectives in plain clothes.

IN the card-index system of Scotland Yard there was a dossier which had him described as follows:

"Harry Neil, burglar. His method of operation is to disguise himself as a parson."

It was quite a big dossier, for Harry was known so well to the Yard that they called him "The Reverend Harry." Time and time again, when burglaries were committed in London and a white-haired clergyman had been seen in the vicinity, the detectives would go to his lodgings—which he moved often enough—and say, "Come on, Harry, I want you to explain your movements on the night of..."

And Harry would blandly reply, "You think I've been breaking in again! Me? I never was there or near the place."

Then, when other inquiries were made and the job was almost pinned on him, he would say with resignation, "I'm innocent. How much do you expect I'll get for this one?"

There never was a time when Harry admitted a case against himself. He never had an alibi. He just made his protest and then waited for the evidence; and off he would go to Wormwood Scrubs or to Dartmoor and do his stretch.

Once, the late Sergeant W. Woods was after Harry, and caught him up in Soho. Now, Sergeant Woods had all the evidence in his pocket. He had even recovered some of the stolen property, and there was not the slightest doubt that Harry was the culprit.

So Woods, having a hidden liking for the old chap, and at the same time wishing Harry would stop burgling, walked up to him and said sternly, "Harry, you've been up to these little games again!" Harry swung round in surprise.

"Mr. Woods, it wasn't me. I'd never dream of doing such a thing!"

But Harry had done it all right. He was once taken into the Yard and faced with some articles which he had lifted from a mansion late one night. The articles were found in his room—some of them—and others had been pawned.

"What have you got to say this time, Harry?" asked the officers with whom Harry was faced.

"It wasn't me," protested Harry. "Honest! Why, you chaps don't seem to think that I have my reputation to consider!"

The mention of his reputation sent some of the cops into fits of laughter; but Harry was quite unabashed. He kept mildly protesting that the job was not done by him. And then he was charged, and the evidence sent him back to prison for a stretch. As he left the dock he muttered, "It was a bad job. I thought I could do it better than that!"

They had Harry so often in the Yard and in Bow Street that he became a habitual criminal and was sent off for a spell to the special prison for habituals. When there, he did some good work in the way of gardening; and confided to the Governor that if only he had his tools with him he would

show how to get in or out of the prison in no time!

You are not to think that Harry was a soft mark. He wasn't. He just was unable to admit that he had done a burglary. He was examined by mental experts, who agreed that he was quite normal. But his abnormality broke out when he had his burglary outfit in his hands. He had to go for safes.

He never gave any trouble when he was accused. He always denied the crime, but he took a keen interest in the evidence, and when it grew larger and larger, Harry seemed to grow smaller and smaller in the dock.

I believe he spent more of his life in prison than out of it. He was wily, too. I remember seeing him one day when he was brought into Bow Street. The detective who brought him in had a soft side for him and had stood him a glass of beer on the way to the station. Just as they reached Bow Street entrance, Harry swung round and made a dive for the open street.

The detective went after him, caught him easily enough, and said, "Harry! Don't you realise I can make another charge against you of trying to escape?"

The elderly face lit up with a really parsonical smile. Harry laid his hand on the detective's sleeve.

"George," he said gently, "you wouldn't spoil my record, now. I just wanted another glass of that beer. It'll be some time before I get another."

Harry got his glass of beer and came along willingly after it.

He showed his ability to burgle in no uncommon way when he was on the job. First, as the supposed parson, he would get into touch with some servant in the house he intended to enter. He would even call on the householder and ask for a subscription for some mythical charity. He would pull out a little notebook with a list of subscriptions (all bogus) written down, and all the time his keen eyes would be roving around for his plan of entry.

When he had that perfected he waited for the opportunity. He would watch a house for days, maybe weeks, and then at night he would open the front door with a skeleton key and be inside. His hands were trained to the slightest touch. He could move from room to room by memory, and mostly he wore gloves so that his fingerprints would not reveal his presence.

If he could not open a safe or a strong-box by his keys, he would whip out a brace and bit and drill through the door with the speed of long practice and noiselessly. All his tools were well greased. Then he would go out by the front door and close it after him.

Where Harry was careless was in disposing of his stolen property. He was shockingly careless about this. Often it would be found in his lodgings without the slightest attempt being made to hand it over to a "fence." Often he went to a pawnbroker and passed over bits of silver with a silly story of having got it "from his parishioners," or from his friends. He never haggled over the price. He just got rid of it across the counter—and the cops came on his trail, identified the stuff, heard the pawnbroker's description of the parson who came with it; and Harry was for it again.

It became a usual thing for the detectives to look up his sentences and say, "Old Harry Neil is out again. We'll be seeing him." And, sure enough, they saw him.

What was it in "the Reverend Harry's" mental make-up that caused him to tread the

same path, that always led to capture, so often? That is a matter for "psychologists" to answer. If psychology can answer it, I know of only one answer. I believe that Harry Neil had what is modernly called a "one-track" mind.

Failure for him did not mean that he must not repeat his failure. I have thought a good deal about Harry, and I am convinced that if he had had other treatment than just being sent down every time he was caught, he would have turned out a useful member of society.

But they never taught Harry anything else, so he remained a burglar to the end. His mind just couldn't rebel against failure, or visualise another avenue for his abilities.

His final exploit was typical of him. He went to a big house not far from Streatham one Sunday night when the

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey! Measles! I'm quittin'!"

owner and his wife and family were at church. It was a winter night.

When the family came back from church they found the rich man's safe, which was built into a wall of his study, had been broken open, the door was swinging wide. A big sum of money in notes and silver was gone, and on the door of the safe, hung there by a dirty piece of string, was a small square card with the words written on it:

"You pray! But I watch and prey!"

The news of the burglary was flashed to the Yard, and the Superintendent of the Division of the area just said, "Harry's out again. Get him right away!"

They had no difficulty in getting him and in getting all the evidence they needed.

It was the Reverend Harry's last job. He was seventy-eight years of age then. He died in prison.

Poor old Harry. I think of him as a Lazarus in crime—watching at rich men's tables to steal the crumbs that did not fall. It is that little square card with the writing on it that now is kept in the Black Museum of the Yard.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway), but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:

"Good Morning,"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1

SOLE SUPPORT

I'VE never had any craving for easy money (remarked the landlord of the Blue Boar). The old affair of Jake and his great-uncle Amos having been an object-lesson to all Hilberry in that respect.

It all began o' the had habit some folks have of viewing other folks as possible gilt-edged investments.

Not that you'd have regarded Uncle Amos as much of a territory for development, so to speak.

Gnarled and twisted like a thorn tree, with the scraggiest neck in six counties—and his feet would 'a got him a living on the halls as a big-boot dancer if he'd been eighty years more agile.

"Proper disgrace is Uncle Amos," Jake complained.

"Then why d'you lodge him in your cottage?" asked Ted Pearce—though o' course he knew the answer.

"Pure charity! Bein' a relation, we feel it's our bounden duty to provide a roof for the old—h'm—for the old gentleman."

But we all know that Uncle Amos was three-parts of a jobbing gardener and half a char-lady to Jake's family, besides being messenger, bottle-washer, and paying guest.

But besides his pension—which he paid over for his keep—old Amos had a bit of an annuity coming in once a quarter which he kept to himself.

"He doesn't spend it and there's no bank-book in his belongings," Jake muttered. "Wherever he keeps his hoard, it's ours by right—after we've been like a 'otel to him all this while."

One day Uncle Amos ambled off to Midminster with the shopping-bag—an eight mile trudge there and back.

At supper time he still hadn't returned.

Then a phone message came for Jake, from the post office.

Old Amos has slithered across Midminster market-place on a piece of cabbage and collided with the town hall.

He had been picked up with a busted ankle.

★ ★ ★

A One day Story by FRED WESTERHAM

★ ★ ★
Fortunately for Amos he knew a homely couple living nearby; and now—with his foot in a plaster case—he was occupying their sofa and likely to stay there.

"It's a plot," exclaimed Jake.

"What!" said Bert Pubble, innocently. "You mean you contrived it so's to get rid of the old nuisance—"

"Not my plot, fat'ead! Them people he's staying with. Uncle Amos can't last for ever, and it'd 'a been more fitting-like if he'd passed away along of us what've cherished him like a viper in our bosoms. They'll poison his mind agin us, you'll see—"

"But he didn't take his belongings with him, I gather," observed Ted Pearce.

Jake is a slow-thinking bloke, but he finished his drink at a gulp and charged off to his cottage at a gallop. You can guess why.

"You're lucky, Jake, to be able to carry out hextensive altera-

tions to the old cottage in these 'ard times," remarked Ted Pearce one evening or so later.

"Mind your own business," snarled Jake.

His bad temper told us that knocking his cottage half to pieces evidently hadn't disclosed old Amos's money.

Another day passed and he seemed to have settled into a sort o' cold hopeless fury. And having satisfied—or dissatisfied—himself about the hoard, Jake naturally began sorting over his old grievances. "Uncle Amos'll never darken my doors again—reckon he's left owing us 'undreds of pounds—"

"You've got his clothes and things—'cept what he stood up in," Bert pointed out.

Next time Jake came in he had a big bundle; and there and then he proceeded to sell off all Amos's spare gear at any price he could get—right down to the old chap's Sunday boots which the cobbler bought in the way of trade at half a crown; for they weren't within six sizes of fitting anybody.

Making four or five quid that way cheered Jake up, but the following morning he had the shock of his greedy life.

A letter came from Amos at Midminster saying (as we heard later) that he was returning to Hilberry by the eight p.m. bus!

If ever a man suffered, Jake did that day.

For in the letter, y'see, Uncle Amos had put a broad hint about wanting to show his appreciation of all Jake and his missus had done for him.

All that day Jake chased around Hilberry; but all the folks what had bought Amos's bits and pieces was elsewhere on business.

It almost seemed they was avoiding Jake o' purpose. He had to wait till the usual company was here in the evening. Then he tackled Bert Pubble first.

"That old umbrella of Amos's, Bert. I want it back. You gave me seven and six, but I'm a fair-minded man; so here's ten bob—"

"Sorry," said Bert, smugly. "I couldn't accept instalments!"

"Eh?"

"Five pounds is my figure—take it or leave it."

The things Jake said, as every buyer stung him for anything up to a thousand per cent on the return sale, nearly curdled the beer in the tankards.

When he had been relieved of all his notes I cashed a cheque what he'd had for the sale of a pig, and the big squeeze went on...

Then Jake dashed back to his cottage with the things and returned just in time to welcome old Amos off the bus.

"Come on, Uncle, rest yourself a minute and take a glass at my expense. The place hasn't seemed the same without you—"

Amos accepted the refreshment. Then the cobbler came in, bringing his Sunday boots—Jake had overlooked those, but he tried to cover his mistake—

"Ah, yes. Sent 'em to be repaired, Uncle, but the cobbler says they're all right for you as they are—"

"They're right enough," agreed Amos, with a peculiar chuckle, taking the boots.

Then he pulled out his clasp-knife and, easy as you please, prised a thin layer away from one of the inch-thick soles—showing a space holding a wad of notes lying there as safe and snug as a lawyer's strong-box.

Jake, who had been going green and red by turns like a traffic signal, pulled himself together.

"Very clever, Uncle. Coming along home now? I'll carry your boots—"

"Home?" queried Amos. "Whatever give you that idea? No—I'm going back to Midminster—only came to see about me things."

He reached for his hat.

And, taking a Sunday boot in each hand, old Amos hobbled out.

And that (concluded the landlord, cheerfully) shows how all things work to the good of just and upright men.

I won't deny as Bert Pubble had been over to Midminster a couple o' days before, looked up Amos, and got to know as he was taking a trip back to Hilberry; but business is business even in our village.

THE END

QUIZ for today

1. The colour cobalt is: Red, yellow, blue, green?
2. What King of England was surnamed the Great?
3. What is known as the Sport of Kings?
4. A Wimshurst machine is used for: Weaving, calculating, stitching, generating electricity, punching holes?
5. Who invented the first jet-propelled engine, and when?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Ash, Cinders, Clinkers, Slag, Rubble, Soot.

Answers to Quiz in No. 753

1. The peen.
2. Edward VII.
3. Yacht racing.
4. Pygmyism of the Congo.
5. Archimedes.
6. Cement is not sticky; others are.

JOKE CORNER



"Oh well, Admiral, even if I missed the boat, I launched you!"



"Who carved his initials on the smoke stack?"

WEST COUNTRY NOTES

"THERE bain't no flies on Somerset folk—or Gloucester or Wiltshire folk, either, for that matter."

West Country girls who have married American Servicemen stationed here during the war might well quote those words of the old Victorian song to their spouses, for it seems the U.S.A. authorities doubt the ability of the girls to make a good home and cook a good meal when they get to the other side of the Atlantic. They have been having "Brides' Hours" in Bristol to "teach" the West Country girls how to make—DOUGHNUTS.

They have been asking them, too, to drop some of their West Country dialect and substitute for it New English, i.e., American!

Didn't John Cabot sail from Bristol to America over 300 years ago, taking with him some of the culture of the West? Not to mention a few plain West Country words which have stood the test of centuries.

And if it's cooking they want, what's wrong with a good Somerset apple dumpling and cream, or a beefsteak and kidney pudding? Doughnuts indeed!

MR. W. A. WILKINS, the new Labour M.P. for Bristol South (George Walkden's old seat), has had to refute a rumour that postal orders for 5s. were enclosed in the election literature which was sent out by the local Labour Party to the Forces overseas.

One would have thought the contradiction unnecessary. But with the Labour avalanche such rumours are inevitable, perhaps!

THE West Country has been caught napping over this holiday business. What with holidays with pay and everybody determined in future to take a holiday away from the humdrum of everyday life, the seaside resorts ought to have prepared for the influx.

Perhaps they have, as far as they have been able. But it has been a poor "do."

Many people from Bristol and other populous areas, longing for a breath of sea air after five and a half years of drudgery, have been disappointed.

Accommodation is either not available at all, or it is offered at such fantastic prices that most people cannot afford it.

The new Minister of Labour will have to see to it that the tourist and holiday trade is really in a position to offer something worth while to the workers in future.

We want no more meals of tinned salmon and prunes and custard, as Ernest Bevin said when he was introducing his Catering Bill not so long ago.

The West Country is becoming more popular each year as a holiday centre, and something will have to be done so that workers can enjoy their own holiday amenities.

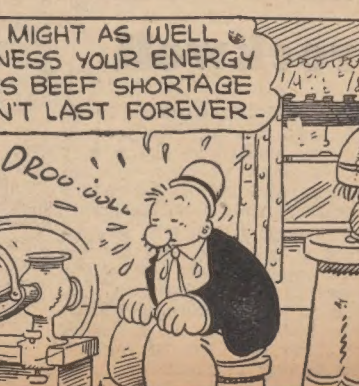
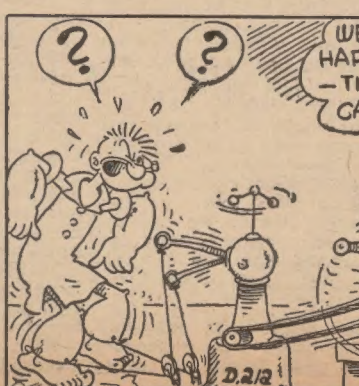
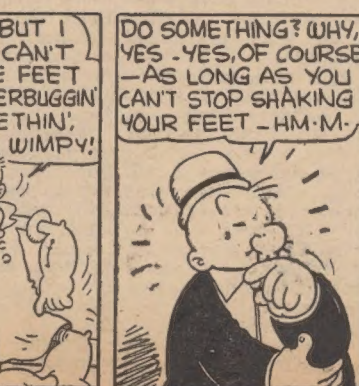
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 692

- 1. Behead a stream and get the bird.
- 2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: Beomeaustomedtoountingtheost.
- 3. What tiny thing can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The manager took me — and told me quietly of his new — for advertising.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 691

- 1. S-WAN.
- 2. Bert buys bottled beer besides brandy.
- 3. TENT.
- 4. Hoarse, ashore.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



We'll Do Anything for Eggs

SEVENTY million eggs are coming from Denmark to Britain, and millions more from Canada.

This is not only good news to the breakfast table; it is a healthy sign to the research specialists of the medical laboratories. Eggs were once useful merely for eating and throwing.

Science is establishing the humble egg as a first-line defence against epidemics.

New vaccines are being developed from eggs, and deadly viruses working at high pressure within eggs are being watched by biologists through tiny windows drilled in the shells.

By a happy accident, Dr. Ernest Goodpasture was studying chicken diseases when he ran short of suitable food for the microbes. He probed a hole through an egg with a dental

drill and fed a set of viruses on the egg because it seemed to be the only last-minute way of keeping the disease germs alive. Nothing happened. The germs languished.

Then Dr. Goodpasture had a brainwave and fed the viruses on a fertile egg. The germs immediately thrived on the living organism, and actually formed the nodules of its disease.

Here was a cheap and ready means of feedings germs and helping them to multiply.

The shots of vaccine that protect man from smallpox, typhoid fever, rabies and other diseases are made from the actual microbes responsible. Once obtained, they are killed or weakened so that they can be shot into a man without ill effect.

The protective agents in the bloodstream immediately mobi-

lise against the intruder, and a state of resistance to the disease is set up.

EGG PACK.

Typhoid organisms thrive on beef broth. Yellow fever virus has to be grown in mice. Now Rockefeller Foundation biologists have introduced the yellow fever virus into fertile six-day eggs.

They've found that it takes only three days for a virus to pack the egg with microbes.

The egg is, of course, free from other infective agents—and the nett result is the ingredients of a preventive vaccine.

The viruses of infantile paralysis, measles and sleeping sickness are other microbes that demand living tissue, so now you can see why laboratories are beginning to look like hatcheries.

In one laboratory girls are

inoculating 35,000 eggs a day, and harvesting virus from the same number.

In the millions of doses of vaccine that they've sent out, not one failure of the vaccine has been recorded.

One of the most triumphant battles has been against equine encephalomyelitis. It is a disease of horses that has sometimes swept stables and killed 75 per cent. of the stricken.

A vaccine made from the brains of infected horses was almost useless; but an egg-vaccine gives protection against a thousand times the normal lethal injection.

Deliberately breeding and rearing microbes inside eggs, watching them through the course of their life history, the researchists are discovering many clues to help us defeat other germs.

The infantile paralysis virus, so far, refuses to feed on eggs. There is now a new egg-grown vaccine which prevents measles.

Research is necessarily a

slow and painstaking job. So far twenty-five viruses ready to feed and reproduce in eggs have been carefully charted, but they're just the beginning.

Influenza alone has 100 known strains. Some of the strains may not be willing to feed on eggs. Others may; and if we can find a technique for making flu vaccine from eggs, it could be rushed into grand-scale production whenever an epidemic threatens.

It is an egg-race between science and disease.

BERNARD FRY

Solution to Puzzle in No. 753.

TORQUAY
MARGATE
SWANAGE
VENTNOR
EXMOUTH
BRIXHAM
CLACTON

How the World Wags

NOT content with having the world's tallest building, New York is planning the world's largest building as well.

It will be large enough to have inside a spiral highway for trucks and trailers three-quarters of a mile long.

It will be thirteen storeys high and four blocks in area, and will be a commerce centre with working space for 25,000 people. The cost? Only £4,000,000.

THERE was one place where you could be sure of having a drop of Scotch in Missouri, even if it was getting it the hard way. There was a secret panel in the bakery of Missouri's chief penitentiary, and behind that panel a ten-gallon whisky still which had kept the whole prison well supplied with drink.

But the warders have now discovered it, so the source of supply has been closed down.

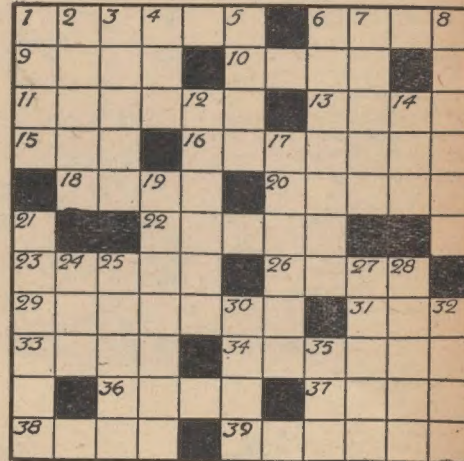
IT would be with a wonderful sense of relief that one could drop a precious bottle of beer (or milk, if you prefer it) on a stone floor, and not watch with tears in your eyes, the contents spreading and spreading. Yet this may be possible after the war.

In Detroit, experts have discovered a means of dipping bottles in a plastic solution, covering the glass with a film only 25,000ths of an inch thick. Yet this will be strong enough to retain the contents if the bottle is shattered.

P. L.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

BLAZE SLUSH
RAM VAT MOO
AWAKE REBUS
C SINCERE E
TEST HAULED
G CRAMP E
GOPHER TALL
U LEATHER I
ELAND ADEPT
SIT ELF CUR
SPEAR TRADE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Neat. 6 Sea foam. 9 Govern. 10 Argyll town. 11 Girl's name. 13 Gentle. 15 Adults. 16 Fitted. 18 Back. 20 Scottish river. 22 Utter. 23 Girl's name. 26 Formerly. 29 Adjudget. 31 Wild fruit. 33 Fool. 34 Go away! 36 Part of speech. 37 Impel. 38 Want. 39 Sort of cake.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Weight. 2 Boring-tool. 3 Tree. 4 Favourite. 5 Route. 6 Embroidery. 7 One. 8 Hay. 12 Boy's name. 14 Guided. 17 Consent. 19 Warded off. 21 Heavy. 24 Number. 26 Bisect. 27 Cut. 28 Colour trace. 30 Recedes. 32 Skin. 35 Tree exudation.

Good
Morning



BOWLED OUT ! Well, that's a bit of a "floorer" to find athletic, stripped-for-action, Janis Paige, squatting among the skittles. You could hardly call her the king-pin, we suppose, so we, herewith, christen Janis the queen-pin.